

4406 Holland
Dallas, Texas 75219
February 18, 1970

Dear Harold:

I am enclosing a copy of a letter I wrote to Tom Bethell yesterday. I hardly see how he can refuse me. Tom stayed with us most of the period from November til mid-January, 1967, and again in June 1967... he made many visits back to Dallas and stayed with us. Then when he and Garrison parted company, and he was without a salary, we helped him. I have done a great deal of free typing for Tom, furnishing postage both ways and all the paper plus carbon copies, etc. Please believe me when I say that I was just glad that we could help him. I am not trying to say that he owes me for any of it but that I have never requested anything of him before...

Please note that I used "we" are looking for certain things. This should make it perfectly clear that I am not the only one interested in the material. I just feel that he will feel obligated to send it without questioning me about who wants it. Harold, I hope this deviousness on my part does not frighten you of me. I can swear to you that were the circumstances not what they are--as you said it--he was paid to do the work and if he had put his notes where they should have been put, we would have had access to them--at least some of us would have. Jim was always very kind to give me anything I ever asked for, plus many things I never asked him for. And, of course, I know you would have had copies...

In many ways, Tom is a very dear person to me and my family. We have tried to believe that he was sincere in his motives. Sue and Arch are very bitter toward him and believe only the worst of him, and they may very well be right. Although they are not too fond of Jim, they feel that what Tom did was a terrible thing. I know it was a terrible thing and having worked for lawyers for most of the past 30 years, I realize the seriousness of it from a legal standpoint, but I have tried to believe the best of someone I truly liked. Just as I felt about Boxley--they were both terrible investigators--but I like them both. (Bill Boxley and I actually got into a physical fight one night and my husband had to separate us--we always disagreed violently.) Other than on the subject of the "assassination", Bill and I were great friends--and still are. (I just glanced at this paragraph... let me hasten to explain that I was the aggressor in the fight. We were arguing and he made me so angry that I hit him.)

Now, on to a few things other than my letter to Tom...

Yes, it has occurred to me that Mr. Hunt could have had the "bugging" done. The fact that one employee and three former employees were bugged... the one may have been a red herring...

However, if a current employee was actually bugged, it would be very important to know which current employee. If I remember correctly, it just said "an executive" with Hunt Oil... You see, this could be Mr. Hunt himself. I have done a great deal of "questioning" about this but have so far been completely unsuccessful...

Yes, Judy Bonner's book is due out any day. I go every day to the bookstore to see if it is out. I have ordered twelve copies. I shall send you one the minute it is out. It is supposed to be titled Investigation of a Homicide.

I am terribly sorry that I did not send you a copy of the particular letter to Paul Hoch when I told him that indeed I did want copies of Post Mortem I and III. He should be sending them any day now. Trust me! I shall keep them hidden!

Harold, if you would like to write to Larry Borenstein, please feel free to use my name. Larry is a dear, dear friend of many, many years. Larry owes me nothing! I'll never repay Larry all that I owe him. However, I do believe that Larry would do just about anything for me and if you would like to write him and ask him questions, please tell him I told you to. One of my treasures is a letter from Larry which was in answer to one of mine complaining about a rather "cool" letter he had written to me making a very small request. He wrote me a precious letter saying that, unlike lovers--who have to constantly reassure themselves by saying "I love you"--dear friends should be able to take the love for granted... It is a long and treasured letter... His address is:

E. Lorenz Borenstein
511 Royal Street
New Orleans, Louisiana 70130

My "boss" just returned... must go...

Love,

Mary